

Blood and Lyrium

by Jocasta Silver

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Summary: The side stories to the Templar and the Blood Mage universe

1. Unlikely Allies

Author's Note: So this 'verse has taken over my brain for now.

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Unlikely Allies

After the Mage-Templar War broke out, Jowan decided it would probably be better for his health to flee to Tevinter. After all, it was the one country where mages could be free. He'd discovered that the so called "freedom" for mages was faulty advertising, unless you were an altus. Most of the laetan class were stuck in glorified secretarial jobs, and slaves who were mages had it even worse. Jowan managed to finagle a job at one of the libraries under the fake name of Leo. It was better stocked than Kinlock Hold, and he spent most of his off days here, browsing the many ancient tomes.

Today, there seemed to be very few people around, since currently the Magisterium was in session. He was currently re-stocking books, when he noted a curious situation.

"Hi," whispered a white-blond haired boy. "I was wondering if you had a copy of _Journey to the Fade_ by Marius Pavus?"

"Go away half-breed," hissed the nasty desk clerk. "We don't want your kind around here."

"Now that's not very nice at all, Salinator. We are supposed to serve

everyone here, regardless of where they come from."

"Well you can help him yourself Leo. I didn't know you were an elf lover." The man's hooked nose bulged as he escaped as quickly as possible.

"I'm sorry about that rudeness. I can help you find what you're looking for." He hoped that the boy, who on closer inspection was actually a young man in his twenties, wasn't turned by his colleague's racism. He was rather attractive with the hair and the full, pink lips.

"Thank you. You've made a terrible day a little brighter," the man replied.

Jowan froze. It couldn't be. "Wow, I wasn't expecting to meet you today."

"Neither was I, my name's Feynriel. My mother would take me to task for not telling you my name earlier." He held out his hand, and after a second's hesitation, Jowan shook it. It was warm, and sweaty.

"I go by the name of Leo around here." While he did not reveal the whole truth, he didn't outright lie either.

"This must be shocking for you; I guess you weren't expecting someone like me to be your soulmate."

Inwardly, Jowan felt anger at those who put down this handsome man, just because, he happened to be part elf. "Feynriel, you are a handsome and talented man, and I wouldn't change any part of you."

Feynriel blushed. "Thank you. So about that book?"

"I'll help you get the book, and then we could possibly meet somewhere for lunch when I go on my break."

"I think I'd like that," Feynriel replied.

As he helped fetch the book off the shelves, Jowan reflected that maybe his foolish idea to run Tevinter hadn't been so foolish after all.

Author's Note: I hope you enjoyed this crack pairing, and please read and review.

2. I Will Defend You

Author's Note: Here's the next story.

I Will Defend You

Skyhold wasn't bad for an ancient fortress, at least this place didn't have any scary demons lurking within. At least, none that Isabela knew about. She planned on taking advantage of her time off from babysitting duty (because those new recruits might as well be her kids), get something to drink, hang out with Varric, and maybe hook-up with some horny man or woman.

"So, I haven't heard him from Hawke in a while, how are he and Fenris?" she asked Varric once she located him.

Varric shrugged. "Last I heard Hawke's going to investigate to see what's up with the Wardens, and Broody tagged along."

"Not exactly a hot romantic date, but it'll do," Isabela replied, winking. "So Varric would it be all right if I reacquaint myself with Bianca."

"No!" Varric shouted. "I wouldn't want you lot to gang up on me. Especially since Daisy and Curly have been make gooey eyes at each other. Apparently, they're soulmates."

"Well, as long as he loves her," Isabela replied. Honestly, she's never understood all the fuss over soulmate marks. Hers which is positioned on the small of her back, says 'there's no need to be rude' in elegant handwriting. The kind of handwriting that nobles wrote in, that was both legible and showed off the person's talented writing. What would a noble want with someone like her?

"Um...Varric, I'm sorry to interrupt, but Trevelyan needs to speak with you," a lovely, woman with skin slightly darker than her own interrupted.

"That is terrible luck, considering I was hoping to hear more about you sweet thing." She even winked, because why not. It wasn't as if she was currently involved with anyone.

The woman blushed. "There's no need to be rude."

"Well damn," Isabela muttered.

"Do youâ€¦ what I meant was?"

"You're wondering how to tactfully ask if I have your soulmate words." Damn, she hadn't this much fun since that threesome with Tabris and Leliana. "And the answer's yes."

The woman blushed even redder. "Umâ€¦ yeah, so I'll be back in the war council room if you want to talk."

"So, who was that gorgeous woman?" Isabela asked.

"That would be our esteemed ambassador Josephine," Varric replied. "You know you're probably the first person who's made her blush." And with that thought, he took off, leaving Isabela with her confused thoughts.

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Josephine was confused, which was an unusual position for her to be in. She'd been trained in the proper protocol for any procedure, and her training as a bard meant that she could defend herself if she needed to. Potentially meeting her soulmate was not a scenario she'd been trained for. She'd watched as Leliana read letters from her lover Tabris, the Hero of Fereldon, and Cullen was involved with Merrill, one of Varric's friends. She'd never expected to run into

her soulmate in the middle of upheavals such as this. She especially didn't expect to walk in on a conversation between her soulmate and Leliana. It was more awkward than the time she'd walked in on Dorian and the Inquisitor getting frisky on the War Table.

"Josephine is a dear friend of mine. I would hate for her to get hurt." Leliana turned and noticed she was there. She abruptly left to avoid Josephine's ire.

"Oh hi." Isabela smiled as if seeing Josephine was the highlight of her day.

"I'm sorry about Leliana," she replied. "She can be meddlesome at times."

"She's just trying to look out for you. Which reminds me, I should find Cullen and make sure he's treating Kitten all right."

"Wait," she said, both because she didn't want to have her soulmate run out on her again and she wanted to spare Cullen. "I'd like to talk, learn more about you."

"What would you like to know?"

And so they spent the whole afternoon chatting about Isabela's adventures, both with Hawke and as a pirate captain.

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It wasn't every day that Isabela surprised Josie, in her office. Her soulmate was staring off into the distance. "Good morning, Isabela."

"Yeah, I managed to sneak a slice of bread for you, since Leliana said you didn't eat much for breakfast." She and Leliana had come to a truce, especially since the spymaster noted that Isabela was devoted to Josie and made sure to bring her snacks on occasions when the ambassador got so bogged down in paperwork that she forgot to eat.

"I received a letter from my parents informing me of a marriage arrangement between myself and another noble."

"Oh." Of course, after all, nobles don't marry common riff-raff like her (except for Hawke and technically he's not much of a noble).

"Isabela, I'm going to find a diplomatic way to get out of this. I swear that I did not find my soulmate just to lose them to a stupid piece of paper."

That meant a lot to her, that Josie was willing to fight for their relationship. Isabela smiled, but she still quietly thought that maybe there was something she could do to fix this.

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Clang! Isabela was starting to regret agreeing to this duel, especially since her soulmate's fiancÃ©, Lord Otranto insisted on fighting with swords. She held her own, but it had been one hell of a

learning curve. She was starting to have a new respect for Aveline and Carver.

"Stop!" Josephine looked upset. "Why are you doing this?!"

"Because you're my soulmate and you needed defending. I will always defend you."

Otranto looked a little surprised. "If that is the case, then I humbly bow out of this competition." He walked across the square and vanished into the crowd.

"Josie, Iâ€| " Isabela wasn't able to finish, because her soulmate had crossed the distance between and them kissed her firmly. After they broke apart she added, "maybe I should annoy you more often."

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"Josephine and Isabela," Cullen mused as he and Merrill sat on his bed. "And here I thought we were an odd pair."

"You know, there was a time I would have been unspeakably jealous of Josephine. Now I just feel happy for them."

"And why is that?" Cullen asked.

"When I first arrived in Kirkwall, I had this huge crush on Isabela. She only ever saw as me as a younger sister. It's only after I met you, that the crush started to fade away. Does it bother you, that I've been attracted to women, I mean?"

Cullen shrugged. "Not at all."

"Then I'm glad I told you," she replied. "It does give me an incentive to be honest."

"I can give you another." And then they were kissing, and everything was right in their world.

3. Safe Harbour

Author's Note: Yes, I'm back and I wrote a short piece on Dorian and the Inquisitor.

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Safe Harbor

Maxwell Trevelyan spent most of his childhood and adolescence believing that as a mage, he did not deserve to have a soul mark. It wasn't until he became the Herald of Andraste, a deity he wasn't entirely sure he believed in that his opinion on the matter changed. Fortunately, his apathy towards the Maker only seemed to bother Cassandra. Everyone else took it in stride.

"And it's not like I'm saying that the Maker doesn't exist, I just don't take everything at face value."

"You'll have to excuse the Seeker," Varric said. "She's always been grumpy. It's in her nature."

"I heard that!" Cassandra tartly replied.

They walked to their destination in silence. It wasn't until after he finished speaking to Alexius that Cassandra voiced her opinion.

"We cannot let this stand!"

"I know," he replied. "However, we need to find a way to help the other mages. Hopefully Felix will have some ideas when we meet him."

Then walked they in on a rather attractive man, taking down sloth demons. "Oh, there you are. Now help me close this."

Max stopped. Was this man really? "Are you here to help us."

"In a manner of speaking," he said.

After they closed the crack, he hoped Dorian would say something that might hint that his suspicions were true. Unfortunately, the object of his desire did not talk about anything besides Alexius and Felix. And then they got thrown into the future, and he focused simply on staying alive. It wasn't until after they brought the mages back to Haven that they finally found time to chat.

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"Are you enjoying the party?" he inquired.

"It is rather interesting to see how you Southerners party, although there isn't any decent wine around here."

"You could always dance with me?" Max offered.

Dorian shook his head. "I'll pass. Besides what would your advisors think of the Tevinter mage corrupting their precious Herald."

"They'll survive." He was about to ask Dorian about his words, when the Red Templars attacked.

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When he finally staggered into the camp, it was Dorian who threw his arms around him and yelled. "Don't ever do that to me again!"

"Um? Dorian you're squeezing my rib cage."

"Oh, sorry." He let go of his grip and offered an arm, which Max gratefully clasped. He sat and fell asleep by the campfire.

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It wasn't until they arrived in Skyhold and he settled in that he asked Dorian. "Do you have my words?"

"I was starting to think you would never ask. I even wondered if I

read the situation wrong." Dorian rolled up the left sleeve of his shirt, revealing Max's writing. "So where are my words on you?"

Max blushed, and unbuttoned the ridiculous shirt that his advisors insisted he wear. "Right here." He pointed to the left side of torso.

Dorian gently traced the words. He reached forward and pressed his lips to Max. Just as Max was starting to relax and enjoy the kiss, he broke it off.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to be presumptuous."

"Dorian, you are hot, funny, and one of the bravest mages I know. Any man would be lucky to have you."

Dorian blushed.

"Speechless, I see."

"I never thought I'd be able to have an actual relationship."

"Neither did I," Max replied. "And yet here we are." He'd finally found his safe harbor, his handsome and talented soulmate.

End
file.